Chapter 471: The Fifteenth Clone

The fifteenth clone, born from a spark of Sung Jin-Woo’s divine essence, was unlike any before it. Imbued with the twin gifts of invisibility and invincibility, it stood at only two meters tall—a perfect balance of strength and subtlety. Unlike the other fourteen main clones, this one did not have an inner world of its own. Its only purpose was singular: to serve as a conduit for Sung Jin-Woo’s consciousness, allowing him to traverse the realms in a form small enough to remain undetected.

Even though it lacked the depth and complexity of the other clones, this clone was far more synchronized with Sung Jin-Woo’s true self. It was like an extension of him—a bridge to all the multiverses within the scope of his vast domain. It could connect to Sung Jin-Woo’s mind at will, no matter the distance or the realm in question. There was no need for the clone to house any inner world because it was an instrument of his will, a perfect vessel to maintain his presence across the endless expanse of existence.

As the clone took its first step forward, it felt the weight of its purpose pressing upon it. Sung Jin-Woo’s consciousness flowed freely through it, guiding every movement with precision. The clone did not need to think for itself, for it was, in essence, the will of its creator made flesh. It had no autonomy or desires of its own. Its existence was a reflection of Sung Jin-Woo’s divine power, a pure extension of his mind.

Its first destination was the mortal realm—the Mundane Realm, where lives were lived and lost, and where the ripples of Sung Jin-Woo’s influence had not yet fully reached. This realm, teeming with billions of lives, was both a haven and a prison. It was a place where the boundaries between good and evil were often blurred, and where every soul had the potential to either rise to greatness or fall into despair.

The clone’s invisibility made it undetectable to the mortals, but that was not the sole purpose of its power. It was invincible—not just in the traditional sense, but in a way that rendered it impervious to the laws of nature that governed the multiverses. No force, no weapon, could harm it, for it was beyond the scope of mortal comprehension. It could move freely without interference, yet still, it was not a presence that interfered directly with the lives of those around it.

The clone walked through the bustling streets of a city on the edge of the world, feeling the pulse of the mortal realm. It passed by buildings and people without leaving so much as a whisper in the air. The mortals could not sense it, yet it felt them—every heartbeat, every breath, every thought that passed through the minds of the living. The clone was attuned to their existence, for they were the foundation of this universe. Their actions, their choices, rippled through the fabric of the multiverse, shaping the destiny of the realms.

But the clone’s purpose was not to interfere. It was merely an observer, watching the ebb and flow of life without judgment. It moved through the realm like a shadow, silent and unseen, gathering information, making connections, and, most importantly, staying connected to its creator.

Sung Jin-Woo’s consciousness remained within the clone at all times, guiding its actions, but it was not a one-way connection. The clone could also send information back to Sung Jin-Woo, transmitting what it witnessed and experienced. No matter how far apart the clone and Sung Jin-Woo’s true form were, they remained in constant communion. The multiverse was within the scope of Sung Jin-Woo’s domain, and through the clone, he could access any part of it at will.

Through this connection, the clone could perceive the hidden forces at play in the mortal realm. It could sense the delicate balance between light and dark, good and evil. It was not a simple task, for the mortal realm was a place of infinite complexities. But the clone was not bound by the limitations of time or space. It could remain in this realm for as long as necessary, moving from place to place, uncovering the secrets of the universe, all while remaining hidden in plain sight.

Though the clone could observe, it could not interact directly. It could not change the course of events or influence the decisions of mortals. That was not its role. Its role was to be a vessel for Sung Jin-Woo’s consciousness, to provide him with information, and to ensure that his will remained connected to the mortal realm.

But as it walked, as it experienced the world around it, something began to stir within the clone—a faint sense of longing, of purpose. It was not the clone’s own desire, but the influence of Sung Jin-Woo’s will, pushing it toward something greater. The clone was not just a tool of observation. It was a part of the greater tapestry of existence, a thread that wove through the realms, connecting all that was, all that had been, and all that would be.

The clone continued its journey, moving through the mortal realm with silent grace. It could feel the pulse of the world beneath its feet, the heartbeat of the universe itself. And it knew, with absolute certainty, that it was not alone in this vast expanse. The divine presence of Sung Jin-Woo echoed within it, a constant reminder that it was more than just a being of flesh and power—it was a vessel for the will of a god.

As the clone traveled, it began to understand its place in the grand scheme of things. It was not a mere shadow walking through the mortal realm. It was a reflection of Sung Jin-Woo’s will, a conduit through which he could shape the course of events without ever being seen. It was a necessary part of his plan, a necessary extension of his power.

And in that moment, the clone realized the true scope of its purpose. It was not just a reflection of Sung Jin-Woo—it was Sung Jin-Woo. It was an extension of his divine essence, a perfect vessel through which he could touch every corner of the multiverse. No matter how far it traveled, no matter how many realms it crossed, it would always be connected to its creator.

With that understanding, the clone’s journey took on new meaning. It was not just a mission. It was a part of something far greater—a never-ending cycle of growth, observation, and connection that would stretch across the multiverses for eternity.